

The Albany Register.

L P Fisher

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The President is preparing a message to Congress in which is a complete statement of facts with regard to Federal proceedings in Louisiana in support of the U. S. Court. Grant is opposed to any legislation by Congress ordering a new election in that State, although he has no hesitation in saying that the election was an organized fraud from beginning to end, for the benefit of those now in possession of the State government, and that there has not yet been a fair count of the votes; that the pretended result has been reached by dishonest means, too well known to be repeated. Still his conviction is that Congress has no more right to order a new election there than it has to order an election in any other State because of local conflicts, all the States now being on an equal status in the Union, and entitled to the same protection for illegal or unconstitutional interference by any branch of the Federal Government as they are against invasions.

Woman suffrage has received a blow in Missouri. On the 27th, the House, after a spirited debate, voted down the bill to allow women to be elected to office under the school laws, the vote standing 30 for to 75 against. Bewighted Missouri!

On the 27th, Judge Waite, the new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a brief but graceful speech, tendered his resignation of the Presidency of the Ohio Convention.

Dr. Wyman, having held an autopsy of Prof. Agassiz, reports the cause of his death to have been, disease and obstruction of the arteries of the brain.

Ex-Chief Justice, James Thompson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, fell dead in the Court room on the morning of the 28th.

At Aurora, Indiana, on the 28th, seven persons were lying at the point of death from eating fresh pork with trichina in it.

The chief of the Portland Police Board is said to have contracted "rheumatism" from the frequency of his visits to the "dives" of that city.

Rufus King, of Cincinnati, has been elected President of the Ohio Constitutional Convention.

UNFORTUNATE MR. BAILEY.—A student in the State University at Iowa City, by the name of Bailey, wrote to Bailey of the Danbury News, to ask if the man of humor was any of his kin. He received this reply:

"DANBURY, CONN., Dec. 8, 1873.
"In answer to your note I am compelled to say that some one has got up a corner on my relatives of the name of Bailey, and that at present I am not in possession of one, to my knowledge."

"It is a fearful thing to stand alone in the world, without a single, or married, relative in the distance, but I am so successful in concealing my sorrow that no one suspects its existence."

"Whether my ancestors came over in the Mayflower depends in a large measure upon what was the passage-money. If anything at all, I am inclined to believe that they went around."

"When asked if I am a relation of yours, you should kindly, but firmly, deny it. It is going to be too hard a winter to take on relations."

Yours in sympathy,
J. W. BAILEY."

"MEMORIAL" cards are not yet used in this country, but in England it is customary to issue them in memory of a friend or relative about a week or ten days after the decease. Those who receive them are at liberty to make a visit of condolence to the bereaved family. They are of white Bristol board with a black border, and bear the words, *In Memoriam*, with the name of the deceased, his age, the place and time of death, the place of interment, and the names of survivors who leave the cards.

Speaking Squarely.

"I fail would climb, but fear I fall,"
To Bess wrote Raleigh.
"If thy heart fail, climb not at all,"
Bess answered fairly.
So answered Raleigh sweet Queen Bess
In words that did a world express.

Few better read the human heart
Than Courtier Raleigh.
He plays at love a humble part;
That speaks not squarely;
Then Raleigh donned a bolder face
And won the sovereign lady's grace.

Long shone the light in courts and camps
Of Soldier Raleigh.
He may have been the worst of scamps,
But he spoke squarely;
And so prevailed on Mistress Fame
To breathe a magic o'er his name.

Yet who can say the task is light
Of speaking squarely?
True lovers in their ladies' sight
Are bold but rarely.
Else had I been more blessed to-night,
Than Walter Raleigh.
But I like him have feared to fall,
And therefore have not climbed at all.
—Springfield Republican.

CURIOUS IF TRUE.—The most powerful telescopes present the moon so far off that only the larger objects can be seen. But a photograph here gives us some assistance. Such a picture presents all the minutest details, and these can be magnified by a powerful microscope. The latter may magnify many millions of times. Now placing a minute section of such moon photograph under such a microscope, there appears no obstacle to our penetrating all the mysteries of the moon, even down to the smallest rabbit, in it; were it not for the unfortunate fact that the smoothest surface known to science becomes so rough under the microscope as to obliterate all photographic impressions there may be on it. Nature must supply, or art be able to furnish, some surface that will remain smooth under the microscope, and that material is the object now to be found. A French scientist thinks he has obtained it in the silk like floss of the common milkweed, reduced by a chemical solvent to a pulp, and then manufactured into paper. It has answered every purpose, and a first copy taken by the camera afforded undeniable proof that the moon is inhabited by a queer race, that need neither air nor water to preserve life. But owing to the fact that the photograph was taken when the moon was full, the inhabitants presented an appearance of flies on the ceiling, so that nothing could be seen of them but the crown of their heads.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN?—Says the *Scientific American*: The "creeping" of railroads has attracted some attention of late, and while we do not attempt to explain it, we offer a point on the fact that on lines running North and South the Western "creeps" faster than the Eastern rail; that is, this very strange movement of the rail toward the South is more marked in one rail than in the other on the same track. Furthermore, it has been noticed that on such a line the Eastern rail wears out the fastest. Both of these points, we think, can be explained by the motion of the earth as it turns from the West to the East. Everything that has free motion is dragged after the whirling globe; every wind that blows, and every tide that moves, feels the influence, and our trains going South or North are pulled over toward the East, and naturally presses the Eastern rail the heaviest. The Western rail being thus relieved from its share of weight, "creeps" more frequently and quickly. It is also noticed that the Eastern rail wears out the fastest, and we think that the earth's motion is the true cause. The practical side of this is, that the Eastern rail and wheels should be made stronger.

The *London Times* thus eulogizes a sketch of Professor Agassiz's career: In Agassiz the world has lost a philosopher and naturalist whose name will be remembered with those of Buffon, Cuvier and Humboldt, and of whom both his native Switzerland and his adopted America might well be proud.

Johnny, aged six, is the hero of this tale. Last Thanksgiving day his paternal remarked, while at the table, that the turkey "fairly made his mouth water." That being a good sentence, Johnny hid it by for future use, and to-day (Christmas) while at the table, he fairly started the company with the remark, "I say, father, that turkey fairly make water in my mouth."

JOHN STRAY.

THE HEROISM OF AN ENGINEER AT THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

In a novel lately published entitled "Mark Gildersleeve," the hero, an officer in the Union army during the late war, is represented as performing an exploit which, although seemingly fanciful and extravagant, is nevertheless the recital of an actual occurrence, and is worth recording as an extraordinary instance of cool courage and steadiness of nerve in a situation of extreme peril.

In the fictitious narrative Captain Mark Gildersleeve is made, while in a venturesome mood, to unspike a cannon during the siege of Richmond, directly in the face of the enemy's sharpshooters. Now, the true hero of this feat was not a "entirely darling in shoulder straps," as Captain Mark is represented to be, but sturdy old John Stray, a private in the first New York Volunteer Engineers, and the scene of action was not in Virginia, but in South Carolina, on Morris Island, in July, 1863, after the disastrous attack on Fort Wagner. Baffled in the assault, General Gilmore lost no time in taking means to reduce the fort by regular approaches, and in a few days after

THE BLOODY REPULSE.

The first parallel had been opened and a breaching battery was in position. During a night attack on the Union works the rebels succeeded in driving the men from their position, and spiking the guns in the battery. This was a serious check, as the rebel sharpshooters, in rifle-pits, effectually stopped further progress by the engineering corps. One of the spiked guns, a 200 pounder Parrot, completely raked the rifle-pits, and it was of the utmost importance that it should be brought into action. In this difficulty the Chief of Ordnance called for volunteers to restore the piece to service. To do this it was necessary to mount the cannon and drill out the spike obstructing the vent while the foe were diligently trying to pick it off.

THE VENTURESOME WORKMAN.

From his perch. As no one seemed ambitious to undertake the venture, Colonel Mordecai applied to Stray, who, besides being a skilled machinist, had given proof of unusual coolness and daring. At the request of the Colonel he inspected the gun, but the shower of bullets which greeted his appearance was not calculated to encourage him, and he reported that he did not think one could live long enough on the cannon to unspike it. Without trying to influence him against his inclinations, the Colonel replied that if he were willing to make the attempt and should be killed he (the Colonel) would see that his family were provided for. This promise decided Stray. At nightfall he went forth

ON HIS PERILOUS ERRAND.

Armed simply with a brace and bits. Straddling the breech of the monstrous piece, and crouching as low as possible, he pried the drill vigorously. No sooner had he begun than the enemy perceived him, and flash after flash succeeded from the rifle-pits. Stray could see, as he worked, the rifle-pits of the rebels, not a hundred yards distant, ablaze with light of fifty rifles, and feel the wind of their bullets as they whizzed past him. Occasionally one struck the cannon, as he noticed by the peculiar chirp of the impact. Favored partly by the obscurity, and more by good luck, he remained unscathed, save by one skin-scraping shot. In fifteen minutes—it seemed to him an hour—the vent was clear. As the gun was loaded, a lanyard and primer were passed up to him, and these fixed, he slipped quickly off. The rebels, seeing him drop, imagined they had shot him and sent up

A VELL OF EXULTATION.

Which was suddenly checked as a discharge of grape scattered death among them. The rifle-pits were at once abandoned, and our sappers and miners enabled to proceed without further interruption. The Captain of the battery reported twenty-two lead marks from bullets that had struck the piece. In reward for this exploit Stray was offered a Second Lieutenantcy, but being a modest man, and not fitted by education for the position, he declined it and was satisfied to accept the position of master mechanic in the Ordnance Department. This was by no means the only perilous adventure that Stray was engaged in during the war, and his history would make a readable volume. He was presented by Major-General Gilmore with the bronze medal for valorous conduct, of which, we believe, but thirty-nine in all were distributed. Stray is now an engineer employed in a factory in Jersey City.

He is a short, thick-set man of fifty or so, with a gray beard fringing a quiet but determined countenance. Many a less deserving name will be handed down to posterity to become illustrious with time than that of this obscure hero, John Stray.

A VEGETABLE MONSTROSITY.—We do not vouch for the truthfulness of the following story, or of the paper that originated it, but give it just as it comes from the *Centralia (Mo.) Guard*. That paper says: "Mr. J. E. Walker, residing midway between this place and Fayette, on last Monday brought to this office, for our inspection, a corn-stalk measuring the enormous length of twenty-six feet and eight inches, which was grown on his farm the past Summer. The only product of this mammoth corn-stalk was a strange monstrosity in the corn line, it being a combination of five fully developed, healthy ears of corn, grown compactly together in one solid mass, while at the lower end was a curious formation, with six perfect and faultlessly formed fingers, the latter being blood red while the balance of the corn is of snowy whiteness. This wonderful freak of nature measures twenty-seven inches in length by fifteen inches in circumference, and weighs thirty-two pounds. It grew within five feet of the ground, while the balance of the stock towered aloft like a flag staff, and was bare as a bean pole, with the exception of the tassel on the top. It grew in rich bottom land, and although there were 40 acres of corn surrounding it, no other stalks grew above the usual height. Mr. Walker intends sending this monstrosity to the agricultural museum at Washington."

Roseburg has got one of the champion thieves in jail. He gives his name as James Field, and everything he touches sticks to his fingers. The *Plainsdealer* says that after he was arrested, parties went to his cabin and demanded of a woman he had been living with a mile or two above town, the articles Field had stolen. She commenced handing them out, and among a hundred different articles there were several blankets, sheets and a feather bed, a Bible, tin buckets, lamps, wagon sheets, etc. In addition to this, the woman stated that his thefts had extended from Portland to Douglas county, and that on the trip he stole twenty-three hams, several sides of bacon and a number of chickens, and robbed three bee-hives. The woman is a character herself, but more honest and a harder worker than her wretch of a paramour. During the winter she has cut two cords and a half of wood a day nearly every day, and is proud of her strength and powers of endurance.

I stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel in Corvallis. I juxtapositioned with a historical cuss the first thing. Says he, "So he's dead is he?" Says I "Who?" Says he, "Napoleon." Says I, "Dead as a mackerel." Says he, "Stranger, I'm from the mines, and I only just heard it. One of 'em died years ago, I believe, but stranger, what gets me is, what became of the other hundred and nine?" Says I, "Hundred and nine? My dear sir, there never was a hundred and nine." Says he, "Stranger there was a hundred and eleven of 'em." And he took out a book and pointed to Napoleon III, and says he, "What's that but Napoleon one hundred and eleven?"

The Professor of Natural Philosophy in a certain college recently gave the class a problem to think of during the night, and answered the next day. The question was this: "If a hole were bored through the center of the earth, from side to side, and a ball dropped into it, what motions would the ball pass through, and where would it come to a state of rest?" The next morning a student was called up to solve the problem. "What answer have you to give to the question?" asked the professor. "Well, really," replied the student, "I have not thought of the main question, but of a preliminary one. How are you going to get that hole bored through?"

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe asserts that while men riot and revolutionize, "there is nothing but dumb submission for women." Which the Kingston Freeman supplements with the sympathetic remark, that "Julia's dumbness is one of the most affecting spectacles of the age."

In the Indian Territory every settler who marries a squaw is hereafter to be presented with a section of land. A good-looking gentleman could gobble up the whole Territory in a year or two.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

The average temperature at Baker City for the week ending Jan. 21st was 42° 7' above zero. The maximum was 37°, and the minimum 19°.

Messrs Patterson and Mudge, have contracted for the first boat to be constructed at their new Astoria ship yard. It will be for use at one of the Columbia River fisheries.

The Baker City *Herald* learns that Horace Knowlton, an engineer at work out at the Virnie ledge, had the misfortune to scald his right foot quite seriously one day last week. In pulling off his boot the skin came with it.

The Connor Creek mines, Baker county continue to "pan out" liberally in fact they improve the deeper down they go. A mill is being constructed 3000 feet, having a 30 foot overshot wheel for propelling the machinery.

The question, "Where shall Umatilla county be divided?" now agitates the minds of her citizens.

Yamhillians are agitating the proposition for a railroad extension between McMinnville and Carlton.

A reliable gentleman from Wallawa Valley reports but very little snow and cattle doing finely without feed.

In driving up from Umatilla Land ing to Pendleton on Wednesday night, the stage driver lost his way, and did not get his reckoning until daylight.

A new turbine water-wheel is to be placed in the Salem Flouring Mills for the purpose of obtaining power to keep the mill running during high water.

The town clock bell of Salem falls to please the citizens any more on account of a creek, a foot or so in width from top to bottom, by ringing the old year out in too hearty a style.

The criticisms of ex-Governor H. S. Foote, of Mississippi, on Jefferson Davis, continuing to be quite annoying, a friend of the latter wrote to him, calling his attention to the matter. Following is Davis' reply.

MEMPHIS TENN., Nov. 25, 1873.

"Dear Sir: Yours of the 20th inst. is at hand. I have not seen any of the articles which you inform me H. S. Foote has written in abuse of me, nor have I any desire to read whatever he might write. In the year 1871 I published him as constitutionally a liar, and his subsequent career only served to confirm me in that judgment. Since that date, therefore, I have taken no heed of the utterance of Foote. His flattery when he was seeking political preferment in the Confederacy and his abuse when, faithless to his trust as a Representative in the Congress of the Confederate States, he was preparing for his desertion to their enemies, were alike disregarded by me. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper. I remain respectfully and truly yours,
JEFFERSON DAVIS."

A New Hampshire farmer's wife fell into a well, and it was four days before he missed her, and made search. He said he thought the house unusually quiet, but he didn't know what made it so.

A New York lady has invented a corset which will squeeze a woman to death in five minutes, if she feels like suicide.

We hear a great deal about the necessity for cheap labor, and we are told that the prosperity of agricultural and manufacturing interests depend upon it. Cheap labor is another name for poor and inefficient labor, and thus can be applied only to coarse and cheap products. What is really wanted is skillful labor, and it may be cheap even if it is called dear. Merchants and business men understand this well enough, for they can afford to pay a good salesman or manager high wages, while they cannot afford to have poor ones at any price. Farmers, however, can't little about skilled labor; all they want is that it shall be cheap, and when they run behind they demand as a remedy that labor shall be cheaper still.

The Philadelphia wool market is strong—California fine and medium, 30 to 35c; coarse, 24 to 28c.

Snow fell on the Mission mountains near San Francisco, last Sunday.